# THE TEXAS TEXCURSION TO COME

Fort Worth, Texas.

Dallas, Texas.

# THE WORLD'S FAIR!

Entirely new assessment plan, through which subscribers secure transportation to and from Chicago in Pullman Sleeping Cars, Board and Lodging during the 10-day trip and visit, admission tickets, etc., on

## WEEKLY PAYMENTS of 75 CENTS



Our Plan. It is proposed by this company to run a series of Pullman car excursions from Fort Worth, Tex., to the World's Fair upon an assessment of 75cts. per week, for 100 weeks; so paid that almost anyone desiring to attend the great Columbian Exposition may do so in first-class style, and in such a way as not to feel the cost of the otherwise expensive journey, or the inconvenience of providing comforts almost unattainable and always unreasonably high at such a time in a city crowded to overflowing by people from all quarters of the globe.

What It Will Cost. For 75 cents per week, for one hundred weeks, from June 1, 1891, to May 1, 1893, aggregating \$75, we will furnish our subscribers a Pullman car trip from Fort Worth to Chicago and return, meals during entire trip and visit, lodging in Pullman cars or first-class hotels during one week's stay in Chicago, and daily tickets of admission to the fair.

Those who have attended similar expositions well know that \$100 is a low estimate of cost of such a trip to any individual.

Security to Subscribers, To provide abto the subscribers, and to guarantee that the con-

tracts of this company will be carried out, has been the first care of the incorporators. Our Treasurer, who, under the by-laws of this association, has the handling of all moneys, is bonded in the sum of \$10,000. He is required to deposit his money in bank daily, and a by-law limits the amount to be drawn out to the actual expenses of conducting the business, which will be very small.

We refer by special permission to the Farmers' and Mechanics National Bank, or the Traders' National Bank, of Fort Worth, Tex., or City National Bank, Dallas, Tex.

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Not a Local Offer. The people of any section of the state may avail themselves of our offer. The Pullman trains will leave Fort

Sleepers, Meals, First-class Hotel Accommodations for One Week and Admission to the Fair Grounds Seven Days.

A Series of Excursions from May to October, 1893, including Pullman

THE WORLD'S FAIR

WEEKLY PAYMENTS of 75 CENTS

Worth, but we can arrange cheap round-trip rates with all railroads in the state to Fort Worth for benefit of our subscribers in other portions of the state.

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"This is to certify that .... of .... has subscribed for one certificate in the Texas Excursion Company of Fort Worth and Dallas, Texas, upon which he agrees to pay 12 cents per week for one hundred weeks, from June 1, 1891, to May 1, 1893, or 100 weeks from date of first payment, when the said certificate will become fully paid up, and the said Texas Excursion Company hereby obligates itself to provide the said subscriber with one railroad ticket for each certificate from Fort Worth to Chicago and returning and during one week's stay in Chicago, as well as daily tickets of admission to the fair."

Death or Disability. In case of death or removal from the state. or any disability whatever, the subscriber will be privileged to transfer his certificate upon application in writing to the Secretary.

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Send remittances to E. W. TAYLOR, Treasurer, Fort Worth, Tex. | Texas agents wanted. Address all inquiries to W. S. DECKER, Sec., Fort Worth, Tex.

#### THE HOME-SICK SOUL

Rev. DeWitt Talmage's Appeal to the Youths of the World.

STORY OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

An Eloquent Sermon From a Favorite Subject of This Famous Divine.

Interesting Stories of the Prodigal's Path way Related, Among Them Those That Have Fallen Under His

THE HOME-SICK SOUL Special to the Gazette.

Biscoktyn, N. Y., June 21.—Dr. Tal-mage's sermon this morning was an appeal to young men. Numbers of these come to the tabernacle services, many of them from country homes, where they received Chris-tian training, which, in the temptations of city life has been cast off. Dr. Zaimage called his section The Home-Sick Soul, and his text was from the Parable of the Prodi-gal Son, Luke xv., 18, "I will arise and go to my father

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man car toll neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler-tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It's called the sacab. Once in a while the people reduced to des-titution would cat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of her in the text, were thrown only to the swin and they crunched them with great avidity But this young man of my text could no even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he began to soliloquise. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in-feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; will arise and go to my father.

WILL WE FOLLOW HIM?

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin: but notwithstanding all tha Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root poor business for men and women intende be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man re-solved to go home, it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him. Satan prom ises large wages if we will serve him; ou he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the blood-hounds of perdition. Satan comes to us to-day and he promise all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin'is death." O! the young man of the text was wise when he utterred the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the per-secutor said: "Where is that heretic!" The Christain woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic. The persecutor orened the trunk, and on the top of the lines of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic

here." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text, we might see ourselves— our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES. The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer et to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if h had been able to say: "I have a thousan had been able to say: "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? Why, he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have beer ongaged in: I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home: I have plent of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings why should I go home?" Ah! is was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Wh; do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and something more exhibarating is for this reason, a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sour robust health, and I should begin to

TALK ABOUT MEDICINES, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile physician and that physician. Allow you would get tired, and you would say: "I would s don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skill you, and I know the physician who is said ful enough to meet your case. You say "bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick am I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right body and all right in mind, and right in soul you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the lep-rosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness, O! then you say: "bring me that baim of the gospel, bring me that divine mendicament, bring me Jesus Christ." "But." says some one in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined

condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice I can prove it either by the statements of men, or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place, "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place. "what is man that he should be clean! and he which is born of a woman that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place, "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?

THIS IS THE REASON "Except a man be born again he canno see the kingdom of God." This is the rea son. "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he "O!" says some man, "how do I know my father,"
"O!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me! how do I know, if I go back, I would be received!" "O!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wantered; you wouldn't talk that wantered; mitted." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

Nor ungels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire:
The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre. When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it; you can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving "There shall be no Alps." That wonder ful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin tween your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains: I hear him say: "I will come over the mountain of thy sin and

the hills of thy iniquity." There shal no Pyreneees; there shall be no Alps. NOT MERE PHYSICAL PLIGHT. Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was no physical plight. It was grief that d so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child ungrateful.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, To have a thankless child."

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us, if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the mons, it would not have been so won -our treatment of him; but He is father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have nevar apol-ogized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have ommitted ten thousand times ten th wrongs against God and never apologized I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father house; but there is something in the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home some-times, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be hom to-night." Well, this young man was home sick for his father's house. I have no doub when he thought of his father's house, he NOTHING ABOUT MOTHER

We read nothing in this story—this para-ble founded on everyday life—we read noth-ing about the mother. It says nothing about roing home to her. I think she was dead is wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place He thought he would just like to go and se if things were as they used to be. Many man, after having been off for a long while has gone home and knocked at the and a stranger has come. It is the homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is nomestead, but a stranger comes to the dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day home sick for God, homesick for heaven! A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had betaway again. She can't go away; we don't want you to go; you will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry deal better here." But it made him anarry. The night before he went away again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrends of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he cried: "Oh, Lord! what a wretch I have been, what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying:

HAVE YOU WADED OUT TOO DEEP? A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe beyond his depth, and he floated far away A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generall very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and an other gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the father was heart-broken, the mother was heart-broken at the loss of their child. The had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event But the lad took shin from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. O! my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags your sin or will you come robed in the Savior's righteousness? I believe the lat-ter. Go home to your God to-day. He is

waiting for you. Go home! But I remark concerning this resolution it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and inety-nine times out of a thousand is tha our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time If I resolve to become a Christian next year that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, the amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve a that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my he God, that amounts to nothing at all. only kind of resolution that amounts to any thing is the resolution that is immediately put into execution

WHERE IS YOUR BROKEN VOW There is a man who had the typhoid fe ver. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, would all the rest of my life serve God. The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to be in the being the latter wall to be a really a rest. to business. He is well to-day—as well a he ever was. Where is the broken vow he ever was. Where is the broken vow! There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough consecrated Christian." The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June, almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow! "O!" says some man, "Fill attend to that when I get my character fixed up; when I can get over my evil ter fixed up; when I can get over my evi habits: I am now given to strong drink,' or, says the man, "I am given to unclean habits; I am now given to strong drink,"
or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to
dishonesty. When I get over my present
habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian."
My brother, you will get were and worse,
until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the
righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call."
O! but you say: "I agree with you on
all that but I must but it of a little

all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton, and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by the graves of sailors. This crew WENT INTO THE BREAKERS

at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hamp-ton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The

they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightly for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the roped snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. O! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is not

to be saved at all. I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get In Virginia there is a very prosper ous and beautiful home in many rest A young man wandered off from that h wondered very far into sin. They heard of him often but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and pened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and the children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and He said: "Out of this house.

with these children. I will dash

brains out. Out into the storm!" mother gathered them up and fied. next morning, the brother, the young man who had stayed at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wanwhere he was, and saw the young man wan-dering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you get in this way?" The prodiced do you act in this way?" The prodiga looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get ove this life of dissipation?. He said: "John there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. O! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal I'll stop it belore in ger." That prodiga can stand it no longer." That prodiga can stand it no longer." That prodiga

never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home. In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persua go. He went with every persuasion be cause he was

VERY HOMESICK ALREADY The other young man said, "I will not go, have had enough of home. I'll never to home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then go nome. Well, and a sale may be if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal: "No, you won't," said the prodigal: "No, you won't. I am going as a common sailor that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will

will do most to tantanze and worry that whe please me best."
Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished see to this condemned to death—who wished see to this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him: "you don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why don't you remember that young man who you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go!" "Oh! yes," said Mr. Griffin. "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die: but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You see my father's friend and I

would like to have you pray for me." Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the young man's pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disquised name had been committing a crime guised name had been committing a crime and was going to be

So Mr. Griffin and the father went or ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the young man's neck, and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "O!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son." and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him and roughly to the Cos.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel-full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime agains God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ-whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon heavenly father throws his your neaverny lather throws his arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." O'! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the father's em-

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniae. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against

A DABE DESOLATE COAST, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars lotted the had seized on him. As the cars joited, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her compan-ion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there o welcome her to her new home, white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life con-demned. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may ing this neeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven!

Storm Damage in Kentucky.

Louisville, Kr., June 20 .- A number of severe local storms have occurred in several sections in Kentucky to-day. Heavy rains flooded the low lands in the vicinity of Paducah, and some damage was done to crops. At Boaz, in the next county to Padu-cah, several small houses were blown away. At Bevier, near Greenville, seven hous were blown away and four persons were in-jured, one, a Widow Miller, perhaps fatally. Near Lewisfort, Oscar Madden's barn was blown down and Dave Ray, colored, was crushed to death. At Lewis-port the Methodist church was wrecked.

OWENSBORO, KY., June 20 .- A storm of wind and rain, the severest since the tor-nado of March, 1890, visited this city this morning. At Lewisport George Ray, a farmer, was killed by the blowing down of a barn in which he had taken shelter. Sev-eral other barns there were destroyed and the Methodist church was blown entirely away. Great damage was done to ha

The Weekly GAZETTA to be had.

### A CLASH.

Differences Between the Chero kee Chief and Treasurer.

BOTH AFTER THE BOODLE

The Grazing of Cattle on the Famous Cheroka Strip the Bone of Contention.

Looks Much Like a Conspiracy Between the Chief and the Cattle

Barons Against the United States Government.

#### Sheol in the Strip. Special to the Gazette.

TAHLEQUAH, I. T., June 21.-A clash of authority between Chief Mayes and Treas urer Ross of this Nation has brought ou what might be termed some startling fact in connection with the Cherokee strip. Chief Mayes, it seems, has authorized the cattlemen to again occupy the outlet, pr vided they pay him a revenue of 50 cents per head for all cattle grazed upon the strip notwithstanding Secretary Noble's orden forbidding any one to graze cattle on that land. Chief Mayes now says that the gov-ernment has no right to thus order and he does not intend to listen to it. have just returned from the strip report that countless thousands of cattle are on that land with this understanding Mayes. It is believed now by many the big Cherokee chief and the barons are into a conspiracy against United States government to thus thwart the latter's intention to keep these lands clear of cattle. These late developments go to show that Mayes had a motive in refusing to negotiate with the Cherokes com-mission last fall for a relinquishment of

title to the government.

This fact has only been made public a few days and was brought out by a clash authority between the chief and the to urer of this nation. The Cherokee gives the treasurer the right to collect all tax, allowing him 10 per cent of same which he now proposes to do in the matter of cattle tax in the strip. The chief say he is the proper person for this particular business, and has issued a proclamation to his particular officers. his subordinate officers to this Treasurer Ross claims the authority the collection of this revenue and has wise notified the cattlemen to pay the tar

The final outcome of the whole matter now transpires that they (the cattlement positively refuse to pay the tax to any one Treasurer Ross notified them that unless they do pay to him he will take steps as provided by Cherokee law to seize their

Things are becoming very serious over the affair and it is thought that it will en in trouble, and possibly bloodshed, as all parties seem to be determined in the matter.

#### STOPPED BY FLOOD.

High Water in Colorado Checks the Progress of the Texas Trail Herds

Special to the Gazette. Bush, Col., June 21.-The progress of he trail herds northward from Texas and unprecedented rise in Beaver and Buck creeks. The waters are so high that the trail wagons cannot make the fords and the trails have gone into camp ten miles south of Bush to await the subsiding of the food

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